To Anne Warren Weston?

Wayland, Nov. 28, 1859!

Dear Friend,

I was called away to cheer the loneliness of my excellent friend, Miss Lucy Osgood, whose sister died suddenly, after an uninterrupted companionship of nearly seventy years. Your letter, containing the $5. went up to Wayland the same day that I went to Boston, and it was many days before I received it. I paid it to Mr. S. E. Sewall, in your name, and it is so entered in his Account Book. He is appointed to receive money for the Brown Fund, and you had better pay him the other $5. when you are next in town. I fully intended to have answered your letter several days ago, and to have made you easy concerning the safe arrival of the money; but I have been so overwhelmed with letters about John Brown, that I have been kept in a whirl. Many of them required prompt answers; and all of them had to be read, to see whether they needed answers.

You can hardly conceive of the violence and obscenity of those I ~~read~~ receive from Virginia. I did not suppose that even Slavery could produce anything so foul. I kept them, for a time at least, as specimens - products of a system, under which women are sold and used as beasts. I cannot understand what I have done to deserve so much laudation on one side, and so much abuse on the other. It seemed to me a very simple act of kindness to wish to nurse the brave old man, when I supposed him to be alone, helpless and bleeding in prison. The notoriety I gained by it was altogether unexpected to me,

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and far from being pleasant. But since it came, without my seeking, I determined to make the best use I could of it. Gov. Wise, by publishing our correspondence, secured me a very large audience; and I siezed the opportunity to impress some powerful facts on their minds. I am glad you like the letter. I myself think it is calculated to do some good to the cause; for which the facts are more to be thanked, than I am.

I also long to have a talk with you, and to show you some of the letters I have received. If it does not storm, I expect to go to Boston on Thursday, to help Garrison a little about the meeting he is getting up on Friday Evening, to commemorate Capt. Brown's execution. But will he be executed? Emerson writes to me: "I have hopes for his brave life. He is one for whom miracles wait." And I confess I have a little of the same hope. Yet his death would be a magnificent martyrdom. What a success he has made of failure, by the moral grandeur of his own character! Whether he lives or dies, he has struck a blow at slavery, from the effects of which it will never recover.

Shall you not come to Boston, to attend the meeting on Friday? I wish it might be so. Then I should have an opportunity to see you, and have a talk. How much may happen between now and then! I long to be at the Telegraph Office every ten minutes. Sometimes I think the poor prisoners will all be lynched before the time. Sometimes I think

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they will be rescued, though I cannot imagine how it can be done. But truly "he is one of those for whom miracles wait". Whichever way events turn, the results will be of vast importance. A little while ago, I thought I was growing drowsy and old; but these stirring times make me strong as an eagle. With respects to your good mother,

Yours cordially,

L. Maria Child.